THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten: and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away" (PSALM 90: 10).

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MARY.

A PEN SKETCH FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

FORTY years ago, there lived, in a well-known English factory town, a girl whom we shall call Mary. She was the youngest of five children—two brothers and three sisters. At the time this story begins, she was just eighteen years old, having passed, suddenly, from the spring of girlhood to the early summer of womanhood.

Among her friends she was as welcome as a radiant sunbeam, for she was always happy and making others happy. Her sunny disposition was "catching," as is always the case.

Happy and contented, she was a picture of health, with a complexion painted by Nature's own inimitable hand. Intelligence beamed through her big, dark eyes—the search-lights of the soul—and a smile played around her carmine-hued lips, while on her head rested a wealth of dark, shining tresses, as a sparkling crown. No one ever noticed her dress particularly, for she possessed the rare ornaments of modesty and womanly grace that lent to the humblest fabric she wore a lustre, for which fashion's freaks, gold, and diamonds are but poor substitutes. Hers was the happy existence of innocent youth with health and a clear conscience.

Mary, with all these natural gifts, was absolutely free from the defect in character which we call frivolity. She enjoyed clean humor, but she was, nevertheless, of a serious, thoughtful mind. She cared little for the popular amusements of her day, but she never missed attending Sunday school in the church where her father, the perhaps somewhat abnormal head of the family, at long intervals went to worship. He might have gone oftener, it should be understood, but for the fact that on Sundays he was generally

so tired and befuddled, owing to the "good time" he had on the day before, that he had, practically, no Sunday.

Mary was fond of reading the Bible, especially the historical portions of it, and she said her prayers regularly, commending herself to the protecting care of God, and asking Him to save her and her loved ones in His kingdom.

Mary, though, as has been observed, happy and contented, at times had a presentiment that her peace rested on sand, and not on solid rock. Many parts of the Scriptures were to her a sealed scroll, and she wondered what they meant. Sometimes she compared the world around her with the ideal world of the prophets of old, and the contrast bewildered her. From the depths of her soul, as she was meditating upon some Scripture passage, there seemed to come voices, sometimes clear and distinct, sometimes barely perceptible, raising question after question but suggesting no answer. At one time a voice seemed to say, "If those who call themselves Christians are the followers of Christ, why are they broken up into so many sects and factions, each contending with the others? Is the body of our Lord, like that of the Egyptian Osiris, cut up into many pieces, and must we, as weeping Isis, go from place to place and look for one part here and another there?" At another time the voice came, "Do the Christians follow the teachings of the Master? Do they practice the Sermon on the Mount? Do they love God more than money, and their neighbors as themselves? Are those who feel strong trying to help the weak to carry their burdens, or do they use their weaker fellowmen as their burden-carriers, their slaves?" When she looked at the daily reports of crime in all its hideous forms, and at the still more numerous cases of selfishness not reported in the press, thus the voices whispered: "What kind of religion have we? Could the conditions have been worse under the banner of paganism?"

Sometimes questions like these would take form before her inner eye, "Who has given our clergymen authority to preach and baptize? Is it from God or from man? Who sent them? Has God authorized anyone to make His ministry a business? If so, why did Peter say to Simon, the sorcerer, 'Thy money perish with thee because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money?"

Once she went to the minister and told him that such questions at times troubled her. She received no light, no counsel there. He told her that she lacked humility, and that it was wrong to think about such things. "Have faith," he said, "and you need not worry about perplexing questions."

Poor consolation! She did not call again, to receive a cold, hard stone for bread.

II.

In the factory where Mary was employed, there was also a girl

working, whom we may call Ivy. She was a few years older than Mary, quiet, unassuming, punctual, and conscientious in her work, whether a watching eye rested upon her or not. Mary and Ivy were congenial spirits, and they became warm friends.

Friendship in this materialistic, utilitarian age is as scarce as truth. Such friendship as that of David and Jonathan, or Damon and Pythias, are almost unheard-of. Being of a higher origin than this mortal sphere, it begins in a pre-existent state, and if it stands the severe test of earthly conditions, it will continue eternally.

Frequently, after working-hours, Mary and Ivy would converse on religious subjects. Mary found, to her delight, that her friend was a veritable treasure-house of information on such topics, and that her answers to the questions asked were founded on the Bible. A flood of light was shed upon many dark and obscure passages. Ivy explained to her what faith is, the nature of genuine repentance, the necessity of baptism, and the gift of the Holy Spirit; she spoke of the general apostasy, the restoration of the Church, the coming of the Lord in glory, and the final redemption of the human family. These and other truths were gradually unfolded to her understanding during the pleasant hours the girls spent in each other's company. Ivy was as much benefited by these conversations as was Mary, for of heavenly gifts it is true that the more we give of them to others, the more we have ourselves. Mary was an intelligent inquirer, and Ivy's answers were lucid and instructive, for she lived the gospel—not merely believed it to be true, as one may assent to a plausible theory or a demonstrated mathematical proposition.

To Mary a new, beautiful world seemed to have come into existence by these revelations of divine truth. Ivy had taken her higher and higher on a mountain of transfiguration, figuratively speaking, and now a Land of Promise was before her, peacefully at rest, wrapped in a clear, blue atmosphere and dazzling sunshine, as in a fairy-mantle of azure and gold.

So far Mary had not asked her bosom friend about her creed or church. She had not even thought of this. She felt instinctively that what Ivy said was true, and that was, to her, sufficient. But one Sunday afternoon when the two girls were sitting in the park, enjoying the rest in the shade under a fragrant lilac, Mary suddenly asked:

"If it is a fair question, Ivy, dear, What church do you belong to?"

Ivy knew that this question would come sooner or later, and she had made up her mind long ago to answer without hesitation and tell the truth. So she said:

"Mary, dear, I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"Saints? Who are they?" Mary asked.

"The world calls us 'Mormons.'" was Ivy's reply.

The word "Mormon" seemed to have the effect of stunning Mary for a moment. It was pronounced by the sweetest, gentlest voice, and yet the shock was, referring to Mary, as if a lightning bolt had been hurled by Thor himself against the tree under which they were sitting. The rich color fled from her face. When she could speak she stammered:

"Mormon! Is this a jest, Ivy?"

"No, dear," was the calm answer; "I am a 'Mormon,' and I pray God I may be worthy of that name to the end of my days."

For some time the two friends were silent. A battle was raging in Mary's breast. Something within urged her to leave Ivy as one infected with leprosy, or as a dangerous reptile. For, was not a "Mormon" a moral leper? Was not Joseph Smith a false prophet? Was not Brigham Young an apostle of soul-destroying sensuality? But then she thought of the pure, beautiful life this girl lived in surroundings not too clean, morally, and of the wonderful truths she had revealed to her. Was she a snake in a flower-bed? Impossible! But she was a "Mormon!" Here was a mystery.

Ivy knew that her friend fought a hard battle, and that on the issue depended the salvation of a precious soul, and she prayed in her heart, as a mother would pray for her child tossing to and fro while nearing the critical moment of a burning fever.

Finally, Mary slowly lifted her soulful eyes, now moist with tears, and looked searchingly into Ivy's open, fearless countenance. Their eyes met. Mary was the first to speak.

"Ivy, dear!" she said, "tell me something about the 'Mormons.'"

Ivy now knew that the conflict was over, and that the victory belonged to the Lamb of God, and her heart was filled with joy and gratitude. She knew that another of God's children, redeemed, would soon join in singing the new song, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints."

Ivy felt the presence of the Spirit of the Lord. Under the divine influence she told the marvelous story of the call of the Prophet Joseph to the sacred office. She related the account of his first vision, in which the Father and the Son appeared in effulgent glory, and of the appearance of Moroni, the angel, who made known to him the existence of the Book of Mormon. She related the story of the restoration of the Priesthood and the organization of the Church. She then explained the ordinances of the gospel, its Priesthood and offices, and the duties of Church members and officers. She told of the revelations relating to the gathering of the saints, because of the calamities that would sweep the earth before the coming of the Lord. She explained the plan of salvation for living and dead. She told the story of the appearance

of our Lord in the Kirtland temple. Then she reverted to the persecution the saints suffered in Missouri and Illinois, the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph and his brother, Hyrum, the Patriarch, and the exodus to the valleys of the mountains. She added her testimony to the truth of the gospel, and she closed with these impressive words:

"Dear Mary, pray the Lord to reveal to you that this is true, as He has done to me; or if it is not true but a cruel, blasphemous deception, pray Him to manifest that to you by His Spirit. I know that your prayers will be answered, and now, God bless you!"

It was growing late and the two friends separated:

When they met next day in the factory, Mary hurriedly whispered to her friend, I *know* it, Ivy."

"I know you do," Ivy said. "The knowledge of the gospel is all around you, as a circle of glory. I wonder if the other girls can see it as I do?"

That evening Mary told Ivy her story. She had gone home and poured out her heart in supplication and prayer for light. At first, darkness had fallen upon her, and she had a sensation of sinking, as if she had no ground under her feet. But she prayed all the more fervently, and, suddenly, she felt herself, as it were, embraced by loving arms and borne upward towards a light that filled her whole being; all doubts vanished; the gospel appeared to her as a familiar book which she had read in the long ago. She rose from her prayer happy as a child that had found a long-lost jewel of priceless value.

III.

Mary's father was an elderly, choleric gentleman with an exaggerated appreciation of his own importance, and a correspondingly low estimate of his duties and responsibilites. In other words, he was a tyrant in his home. To him the members of the family, especially the women, were so many servants, existing exclusively for his comfort. They were subjects owing him homage. He was a slave of the tobacco pipe and the whisky bottle. Nicotine and alcohol had drawn their disfiguring lines accross his face, making it a caricature of its original self. He contaminated the atmosphere with his breath. He was irritable and violent, unreasonable and callous to all finer human sentiments. He gave blows lavishly but hardly ever a kind word. His wife suffered, as martyrs have done from the beginning of the world. The children feared him. To them his room was like an ogre's den.

Mary believed the gospel, and now it was her duty to ask her father for permission to join the Church. She shrank from this trial. She had confided in her mother long ago. But how could she approach this father on such a subject? But it had to be done, if she wanted the blessings of full fellowship with the saints.

So, one Sunday afternoon she went to him, her heart palpitating violently. She had been praying for strength, and humility.

"Father," she began, "I want to speak to you on a very important matter, if you do not mind."

This was something unusual, and her father did not know what to think of it; but he soon recovered from the shock of surprise he had sustained, and he managed to remove his pipe from between his lips, and to grunt, "What d' ye want?"

He was afraid that she was about to ask him for money, and had fully made up his mind to refuse. Why should he give his money to his wife and children? There was the public-house! That took all his spare coins; why were women always so unreasonable? Hence his grnff, "What d'ye want?"

"Well, father," Mary answered, "I hardly know how to begin, or what to say to be understood, but I have been thinking very seriously, lately, of religious matters. I desire the salvation of my soul."

The old toper emitted a sigh of relief, when he found that it was not a question of money.

"Why bother me?" he asked; "go to the clergyman. What do we pay him for?"

"Father," Mary replied, "this is not a matter for the clergyman, but for you. As a dutiful daughter I have come to you to ask permission to be baptized and join a rather unpopular church."

"Well," he answered brutally, "as far as I am concerned, you may join the devil, if you want to."

He blew off a puff of smoke and then grinned at what he considered a clever joke. Then he added:

"By the way, what church is it?"

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," Mary said.

"Sounds good enough," he admitted, "but I have never heard of them."

"Father," Mary exclaimed, "they are commonly known as 'Mormons.'"

The very mention of the name had a strange effect upon the man she tried to honor as her father. He trembled from head to foot, as Lucifer is said to tremble before God. To steady his nerves he took a long draught from a bottle which he extracted from a coat pocket. Then he puffed away at the nicotine-saturated pipe and filled the small room with dense smoke-clouds. The atmosphere was suffocating. After these preparations he was able to speak.

"Mormons!" he roared. "Mormons! And you want to be a Mormon! You want to befoul the nest of your birth and bring eternal disgrace upon my name! And I am a good Christian! Out upon you!"

Another bracer from the bottle and more smoking, and then he was equal to this manly effort:

"Look here, you! If you ever speak to me again of joining the Mormons, I'll beat you to a jelly."

"Very well," was Mary's meek answer. "I shall not trouble you again, but the responsibility for my seeming neglect to do the will of God does not rest upon me now."

"What," he shouted, his rage rising with each swallow of fiery fluid; "you dare to mention responsibility to me? How dare you defy me?"

Mary tried to calm him. "I am not defying you, father," she said; "I came to you as your child and asked you for a favor, to grant which would have cost you nothing, but which, given, would have made me rich indeed. You refuse. I am disappointed but not defiant. I am trying hard to honor my father and mother."

"'Hard,' did you say?"

He was no longer a rational being. He was more like a raving maniac.

"'Hard,' he repeated; "I'll make it 'hard' for you." So saying, he made a spring towards her, as a beast upon its helpless prey.

"Take that! And that! And that!"

He struck her blow upon blow, with his horny knuckles.

She bore the indignity and the pain bravely. Big tears trickled down her cheeks. She looked upon the human being before her, with eyes from which pity and compassion welled forth as water from a fountain. When she could speak, she said, softly:

"Father, I forgive you; pray God to give you a new heart."

She folded her hands, as in prayer, and lifted them appealingly to him. Never was this old sinner nearer to heaven than in this moment, when his own child, as an angel of love, knocked at his stony heart, appealing for admission for the Spirit of God. But the appeal was in vain. He closed his heart harder than ever. And the evil one took full possession.

"Out of my sight!" he raved. "Never let me see you again. I cast you off. Go to the vagabonds from Utah, who have seduced you. I curse you and them! May you wither as a limb broken off from the tree! May thy name and remembrance perish for ever!"

Mary realized that the curse was not really her father's, but the demon's who spoke with his tongue and lips.

For a moment she felt inclined to tell him so, and to say that she had never seen nor heard any "vagabonds from Utah." She had, as yet, not met any of the elders. But then she wisely concluded to say no more.

That evening she bid her mother, her brothers and sisters a long, tender farewell, and then she left the home of her childhood that had been closed to her by a drink-crazed father's cruelty, for the gospel's sake. Heavy were her steps, but peaceful was her heart, for her trust was in God.

(*Continued on page 827*).

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1917.

EDITORIAL.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE appearance of the last number of this year's *Millennial Star* affords us an opportunity of expressing, in the first place, our deeply-felt gratitude to our heavenly Father, who has enabled us to complete the present volume of our little magazine, the oldest of all the Church periodicals now in existence; and, in the second place, of addressing a word of sincere thanks to our friends who have so loyally supported us by their subscription, their literary contributions, and by their encouraging and helpful expressions of appreciation of our humble efforts. We trust they will be able to continue their loyal support, and that they will derive, in spiritual blessings, full value for their outlay, and devotion. We also take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of the faithful work of those engaged in the mechanical department. Like all business enterprises here during this time of fiery trials, the *Star* has had its difficulties to meet, on account of scarcity of available help, high cost of materials, etc., and that we have been able to overcome such obstacles is very largely due to the employees.

We look back upon the past year with gratitude, and we face the future with hope and faith in God, and in that spirit we sincerely wish all our friends, both far and near, a happy new year!

To many of those who read these lines, the Old Year has brought bitter sorrow. Some of their loved ones have fallen before the grim reaper's hand, on battlefields, or in hospitals, and there is an empty place around the fire-side and a void in their hearts, which cannot be filled.

It is natural to mourn, and it is but right that we should give vent to grief, when those whom God has given us are torn from us by the hand of death. But we must not mourn as those who have no hope. To Latter-day Saints death is not the end of life, but a mere incident in it. Our loved ones, who we say are dead, have but passed out of view, beyond our narrow horizon in mortality. If they died in the faith, they have emigrated to a better land, and they are waiting there for us to join them, and who knows but that they can be of more real service to us there, than they could be when they were here? The separation is but of brief duration. And if they did not die in the faith, they are

still the objects of a loving Father's mercy, and He will find them and bring them back. They are not lost. "There is never a time," the Prophet Joseph says, "when the spirit is too old to approach God. All are within the reach of pardoning mercy who have not committed the unpardonable sin." There is no reason, then, why the Latter-day Saints should abandon themselves to helpless mourning. There is every reason why they should look forward with joyful anticipation to a happy reunion, just as a wife and her children do, when the husband and father has crossed the ocean for the purpose of preparing a new home for them in the better land beyond.

An appropriate thought at this time, when the last days and hours of another year are swiftly passing, is that which Moses expresses in his prayer, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to wisdom" (Psalm 90 : 12).

Time is one of man's most precious treasures. And no one has a great deal of it. Jacob, at the age of one hundred and thirty years, said, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been" (Gen. 47 : 9). What, then, can we say, who know that, "The days of our years are three score years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow" (Psalm 90 : 10)? The days, the years, are indeed passing as rapidly as the incidents of "a tale that is told" (Psalm 90 : 9), and yet, so much of it is being absolutely wasted. Even the best of us need to pray, "Teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to wisdom."

If we need a great many things for ourselves and our families, and we have but little money with which to buy those things, we, naturally, count our coins over and over again, and scheme and plan in order to make them go as far as possible. We should pray for wisdom to do the same with the precious days and hours God has given us. "Teach us to number our days." There is so much to be done, while we sojourn upon the earth, and so few days in which to do it. Before we fully realize it, they are past.

There is an old parable of a man who was cast up on the shore of an island, shipwrecked and absolutely destitute. In that condition he was found by the islanders. These took him to the royal palace, where they clothed him in costly garments and spread before him a sumptuous feast, and when his wants had been fully satisfied, they proclaimed him their king. From now on they waited on him, took care of him, and obeyed his every command. He was as happy as a human being could be. But he was also thoughtless. He lived but for pleasure and enjoyment.

One day, one of the royal counselors, an elderly, grave-looking sage, informed him that his time on the island would be but short. Every year, he said, we find a stranger cast up from the deep, just as we found you. When he comes, he is made the king, and his predecessor is stripped of his royal dignity and cast adrift. He

leaves this island as naked as he came, and without a friend to accompany him.

This, at first, seemed impossible to the king. He had taken it for granted that he was installed in the royal position for a very, very long time, but the counselor insisted on the truth of the statement he had made, and so earnest was he that the king finally believed, and asked, alarmed:

"How long, did you say, will my time on this island be?"

"Only a year, from the day you landed," the counselor replied.

"Alas! And three months have already passed," wailed the king. He was thoroughly aroused now and realized his predicament. "And you say that I shall be torn from all the comforts I now have, from friends and everything, to be cast out and perish on the great deep? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

And he buried his face in his hands and cried bitterly.

"My king, my friend," the counselor said, "listen to me. We all are your loyal subjects until the day of separation. There is not a reasonable command that you can issue, that will not be obeyed by us. Your word is our law, while your year lasts. Now, then, cease your frivolity and use the time you have in preparation for the future. Do something useful, something by which you may earn valuable assets. Dispose of your jewels and the baubles that have no value. Buy grain, cattle, and other useful commodities. Send them over to an island beyond the horizon, and lay up a store for yourself there. Use the time well. Ship to that shore every day something by which to increase your supply. Then, when your time for departure comes, you will have a place to go to, where you will be free from care, and where your happiness will be pure and unalloyed. And there many of your friends here will gladly join you."

The king followed this advice, and after a while he began to look forward with pleasure to the day of departure from the island, where life, with its joys and sorrows, its opportunities and temptations, was of so short duration.

This is but a parable, but it depicts the brevity of our existence on earth, and admonishes us to lay up treasures on "another island." It teaches us to pray for wisdom to number our days, and to use them to the best advantage.

If we are wise, we shall be particular about what kind of company we keep. Many companions have a baneful influence. Their conversation is impure. Their thoughts and words are poisoned. Their only aim is to dissipate time, and any kind of employment that will help them to accomplish this, be it gambling, drinking, gossiping, backbiting, is eagerly welcomed. Time spent in such company is wasted. Worse still! It is used to our injury. No one can be in such company very long without being stained. He who comes close to chimney-sweeps, gets black, and if we go into a flour-mill, we must expect to show marks of it, and

the cleaner we are the sooner the spots will show. It is the same with moral stains. One who is cleansed from sin, having been baptized for the remission of sins, cannot spend his time among evil-doers and take part in their pastimes without showing the evil effects of it. Perhaps gossiping, telling tales, and passing uncharitable judgments upon others are sins to be specially on our guard against, because they appear to be so small and insignificant as to escape notice. It is a fact, though, that if we pick up the tar-brush to besmear our neighbor's fence, we stand a good chance of getting our own hands bespattered.

It is the season of the year when many of us are inclined to make good resolutions. Let us then ask ourselves what we mostly need to repent of. How do we spend our time, the inestimable, precious moments? What do we read? Do we read to kill time, or to improve our minds and ennoble our hearts? What is our conversation about? What are our amusements? What are we doing for the salvation of the world? What is our influence in the home, among neighbors, in the Church? How do we observe the laws of God, and how do we keep the covenants we have entered into by baptism, and which we renew at the sacred table of the Lord's Supper? If we are honest with ourselves and answer these questions truthfully, we shall know just what New Year's resolutions to make. And when we have made them, may we strive earnestly to keep them. Then we shall indeed have a happy new year.

J. M. S.

MARY.

A Pen Sketch from the Mission Field.

(*Concluded from page 823*).

Her father spent most of the time for several weeks in the public-house. There he told his companions a pitiful story of how some "Mormon" missionaries had enticed his youngest daughter away from him, and how he was grief-stricken when he thought of the awful fate in store for her. He found many sympathizers, and together they vowed vengeance, and then they had something to brace them up, and thus time passed.

From the public-house the story of the abduction found its way to the sewing-circle, and then to the parsonage, and the clergyman considered it necessary to warn his congregation against the secret agents of "Mormonism," who go about like wolves seeking prey. "They have, recently," he said, "broken a father's tender heart by seducing his young, innocent daughter."

The congregation was horror-struck at this alleged revelation,

and many of the dear ladies prayed, in their pews, to be preserved from the wiles of the adversary.

IV.

One day in the early autumn of the year 1914, a young elder from Utah was addressing a large, interested crowd of men and women, on the market-place in a well-known factory town in England. This was, in brief, his story:

"My mother was born in this large city. When old enough to work, she was sent to a factory, as are thousands of girls, with but limited prospects for the future. At the age of eighteen she embraced the gospel. For this she was cast out of her home. In the opinion of my poor grandfather she had committed an unpardonable sin, a revolting crime.

"The Lord soon opened the way for her to emigrate to the States, and there she joined the Church.

"God will have a tried people. Some of the Latter-day Saints are sorely tried in the land of Zion, when they first arrive there; in fact, many are unable to stand the test, their faith being too weak. My mother passed through the fiery furnace before leaving this country. In her new home the Lord showered blessings upon her.

"She married a good, God-fearing man, who gave her a comfortable home. She bore him ten children, all of whom are living, respected as citizens, and active members of the Church.

"I have come from my home in the Valleys of the Mountains with a message of salvation to all within the hearing of my voice. The blessings of the gospel, both those of a temporal and spiritual nature, are within the reach of all who will obey God, and they are all free of cost.

"I have also come to obtain genealogical data about my ancestors on mother's side, in order that we may be able to do temple work for them. In this I have so far not succeeded very well. No one seems to remember my grandparents, or their children. They are scattered and forgotten.

"When my mother left she was told that she would perish as a branch broken off from the tree.

"The fact is that the story of Joseph in Egypt has been repeated in the wonderful experience of my beloved mother. What was intended for evil, the Lord has turned into a blessing to her, and through her to both her descendants and ancestors.

"The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes."

J. M. S.

THE man who really grows great is not the man who thinks he knows it all, but the one who never forgets that each day reveals a new force, a new method.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

WHILE in England as a missionary, I always delighted in reading a letter from somebody at home. It is with a desire to benefit my friends in England that I send this contribution to the *Star*.

A little over a year ago, I was trying to do my "bit" for the promulgation of the gospel. My time was mostly spent in the Leeds conference. Now I am on a vastly different mission. I am in the service of the United States as a soldier, instead of acting as an emissary of the Church in the mission field.

While I was in England, many people said to me, "The Mormons are an unpatriotic people. What would you do, if called upon to serve your country as we are doing?" The stand taken by Utah and the "Mormons" in the present crisis is a sufficient answer to that question. To every call that has been issued by the President of the United States Utah has responded promptly, and the State is well to the front, doing her share. And it should be remembered that the majority of the population in Utah are "Mormons."

In our company of about eighty men, sixty, at least, are Church members. In the Utah artillery, which is composed mostly of volunteers, fully seventy-five per cent. are "Mormons." The commander of the artillery is Colonel Richard W. Young, a grandson of Brigham Young, and president of one of the Salt Lake City stakes. Major John F. Sharp, our commanding officer, is a "Mormon," and actively engaged in Church work at home.

Shortly after the call for volunteers was made, B. H. Roberts, one of the First Council of Seventies, went to Governor Bamberger and offered his services as chaplain of the Utah troops. Inasmuch as Brother Roberts was over the enlistment age, special permission had to be obtained from Washington for his request to be granted. This permission was obtained, however, and B. H. Roberts is now the spiritual adviser of the "boys."

Also in the matter of Liberty Bonds, Utah has done her share. Two issues of these bonds were made to aid the United States in the successful prosecution of the war. In each instance the people of Utah far over-subscribed their quota. Lieutenant-Colonel Means, in addressing the soldiers at the camp here on the Liberty Bond proposition, said, "When the Almighty was giving away good, clean and liberal hearts and souls, Utah men were on the front seat and got their share."

I state the above, not in a spirit of boasting, but merely to show that the Latter-day Saints will always do their share. Is it not one of our teachings that we should be obedient to kings, rulers and presidents?

Every day I see the need of true religion. Sectarian meetings are held from time to time in camp, and my companions and I have attended some of them. After the services, we have reflected

upon what has been said and always concluded that the teachings are shallow and lack inspiration.

I am proud that I can still lay claim to being a "Mormon."

I am proud, because "Mormonism" means to me all that is good and true. It is the teachings of the Church that will eventually bring liberty and peace to the world. If all would observe the precepts of the gospel, the time would soon come when wars would be only a dreadful remembrance of the past. It is the gospel that instills such hope into me. It is the gospel that makes me believe the words of Isaiah, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Camp Kearney, California. JOSEPH F. WORTHEN.

CHARM.

"I WONDER why we all love that one so much," one girl asked a number of others at work. It was a puzzle, for the one particular girl was neither beautiful nor clever; yet, she was different from the class we so often find working in factories. "She is charming," says one. Yes, this was the secret. Charm, the sweetest warrant of good companionship, was hers. It seems a gift that is sadly neglected to-day, a sort of minor virtue that busy people can do without. This is not so, for the finest character is marred, if lacking the sweetness of charm. Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents, and accomplishments. A man, or a woman, may be fascinating, and at the same time insincere, but no one can be charming in the sense I mean who is not thoroughly genuine. The fragrance of truth hovers around all they say, and their rebukes are so gently spoken, that they lose their power to sting. But though a charming woman is good, many good women are not charming. We should do well to cultivate the little things that make for happiness in our daily lives, beginning with pleasant thoughts, for are not our thoughts of to-day our actions of to-morrow? It is when we are taken unawares that the unkind criticisms stored away in our minds find utterance in a sharp speech. Had we guarded well our thoughts, and not allowed ourselves to dwell on the failings of others, those stinging words would never have been spoken, to spoil someone's day, someone's life, perhaps, for such words gain fresh significance as the one to whom they were spoken looks back at them, and a meaning we never even dreamed of is read in their echoing tones. Ofttimes we say things only half in earnest, unthinkingly, and years later find out what mischief our thoughtless words wrought. Love one another. Yes, our Friend of all times teaches us this, and just in proportion as we open our hearts to love shall we be truly charming.

Birmingham. O. WELLS.

A TESTIMONY.

I HAVE been a member of the Church for nearly seven years, and my testimony grows stronger each year that passes. I thank my Father in heaven for showing me the light of the gospel. I was taught to reverence God from childhood, but I see, more clearly as time passes, that my parents did not understand the truth as it is revealed in the Scriptures, and they could, therefore, give us but little to satisfy the longings of our souls. The servants of the Lord brought knowledge and understanding to our home, and the words of the Scriptures, especially the Bible and the Book of Mormon, are now our support through life.

We do not, for one moment even, suppose that we are doing God a favor by being Latter-day Saints. On the contrary, we ask Him to grant us that we may serve Him as His humble servants in His kingdom.

We love and honor the Prophet Joseph Smith, and are thankful for the message he brought to the children of men in our day and age. Through the power given to him by our heavenly Father he established the Church upon the earth. This may be a bold statement, but it is true. Do not turn away impatiently from the truth, but ask for divine guidance, and some day you may be happy in its light.

To-day some are almost cursing their Maker because of the conditions in the world at the present time. Dense is the darkness that prevails. Would to God that the world would listen to His warning voice! Satan would not then have power over mankind. Wickedness would cease. If the Saints will heed the warnings of the prophets of old, they will know that the Prophet Joseph Smith was a true servant of God, and that he sealed his testimony with his blood. My children and I are happy to bear the name of Latter-day Saints, for the gospel has brought great blessings to our home.

R. S. R. CLAPHAM.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

A Successful Social.—President John D. Hooper reports that on Saturday, December 1st, 1917, the Relief Society of the Nottingham branch gave a social for the benefit of the soldier boys, and aged and infirm members of the branch. It was a complete success and a goodly sum was secured.

Baptisms.—On Sunday, December 9th, 1917, a baptismal service was held at Brighton, Sussex, London conference, at which four converts were received into the fold. Brother Herbert J. Bingham

officiated, and President James G. McKay confirmed the new members.

A baptismal service was held at Norwich, Norwich conference, Sunday, December 9th, 1917. One applicant was added to the flock. The candidate was confirmed at the evening Sacrament meeting. Elder Orial L. Anderson officiated on both occasions.

Two individuals received the ordinance of baptism at "Durham House," 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool, on Monday, December 17th, 1917. Elder George F. Richards Jr., officiated. They were afterwards confirmed members of the Church by President George F. Richards and Elder John E. Cottam.

Two persons were baptized on Sunday, December 16th, 1917, at a baptismal service held at "Deseret," 152 High Road, South Tottenham, London, N. 15, London conference. Local Elder William E. Attwood officiated. President James G. McKay and Elder William J. Loosle confirmed the new members.

DIED.

HABBERSHAW.—Sister Rachel Habbershaw, of the Oldham branch, Manchester conference, died a faithful Latter-day Saint, December 2nd, 1917. She has been afflicted with diabetes for the past eight years, and was blind for the last three years. The funeral was held in the Latter-day Saints' chapel, Neville Street, Oldham, on Thursday, December 6th, 1917. Sister Habbershaw was born November 13th, 1849; was baptized August 23rd, 1905, by Elder Charles Criddle, and was confirmed August 23rd, 1905, by Elder James J. Squires.

FEASBY.—At York, Hull conference, of cancer, Sister Betsy Feasby, October 6th, 1917. Deceased was born November 9th, 1855, at Drax Abbey, near Selby; baptized by Elder Urvin Gee on October 14th, 1906, and confirmed the same day by Elder William A. Morton.

HASLOPE.—Robert, the son of John W. and Margaret Haslope, Blackburn branch, Liverpool conference, died September 27th, 1917, as the result of an accident, at the age of one year and five months. The deceased was blessed May 7th, 1916, by Elder Lester C. Pocock.

DOWNS.—Sister Ann Downs, of the North London branch, London conference, died on November 26th, 1917. She was born in Pebmarsh, Essex, England, on March 19th, 1846; was baptized by Elder Nathan Hawkes, on March 21st, 1897, and was confirmed by Elder A. Gardiner.

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